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INIGO JONES

Under the General Editorship of Stanley C. Ramsey

WILTON. DETAIL OF END PAVILION. GARDEN FRONT.

INIGO JONES

BY STANLEY C. RAMSEY

WITH 35 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY
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INIGO JONES

BY STANLEY C. RAMSEY

Inigo Jones holds a unique position amongst English architects. He is one of those outstanding figures that mark a definite change in the civilisation of a country, and who, by reason of the epoch in which they live, almost as much as by their own personal accomplishment, are invested with a peculiar and significant authority. All our architects since Jones' day from Hawksmoor onward, with the possible exception of Wren, have felt, if they have not acknowledged, this authority, and their attitude generally has been somewhat that of a group of schoolboys to some respected and feared master. He stands above all as a standard of comparison. Behind the dominating effulgence of Wren lurks the more intellectual shade of Inigo Jones. It is an interesting, if fruitless, speculation to imagine what he would have done if he had had Wren's opportunities, if, instead of a devastating Civil War, there had been the possibilities afforded by the Great Fire! As it is, his reputation rests on a series of brilliant fragments and two or three, not exceptionally large, country houses.

There is a hint in his designs for the Palace of Whitehall, of which the Banqueting Chamber only was completed, of what he could have done on a larger scale; but it is doubtful, even if this grandiose conception had been carried out, whether it would have added anything to his reputation. His was

not the big careless sweep of Wren, with his wide vision and easy accomplishment, but the more meticulous and precious craftsmanship of Peruzzi or Brunelleschi. And, indeed, Jones has much in common with the Father of the Italian Renaissance, both as regards his personal and individual character as well as his work. Both men were arbitrary and strong-tempered, little able to brook interference from others, full of confidence, and on occasion, if legend speaks correctly, somewhat irascible—and both caused a revolution in the art and architecture of their time.

Filippo Brunelleschi was born in 1377 and Inigo Jones in 1573, some two hundred years afterwards; and yet in a sense they may be said to be contemporaries, if not of time, then of the spirit. In viewing Brunelleschi's work I have always experienced a feeling of surprise at its completeness—one is more or less prepared for its freshness, and the entrancing and exquisite beauty of its detail—but the surprising aspect (at least for me) is this quality of completeness, a quality it shares with the Greek work of the fifth century, that triumphant expression of finality to which nothing can be added or subtracted. And this quality of finality or completeness is to be found, though in a less marked degree, in nearly all the buildings which the genius of Inigo Jones has bequeathed us.

It has been the fashion of most writers on architecture to attribute all Inigo Jones' inspiration to the works of Andrea

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Palladio, the last of the Italian architects of the Classic tradition, who had been dead some twenty years when Inigo Jones first visited Italy. We know that Jones very much admired Palladio, and that on his second visit he spent some time at Vicenza studying Palladio's buildings; but we also know that he saw and admired much else in Italy that was not Palladian.

It is recorded that, following the example of Brunelleschi, he spent some time in the study of the ancient Roman remains at Rome, and this in itself would be a qualification of and a corrective to his view of Palladio. But in truth he must have seen all Italy through the eyes of the Master Builder of Vicenza.

It must be remembered that since Henry VIII.'s time Italy has been a land of particular promise for the nations of the North. Inigo Jones must have grown up with a feeling of awe and reverence for all things Italian—he must have heard the tales of returned travellers, and been filled with a desire and longing to visit this wonderful land, where the paintings and buildings were so marvellously different from anything he had experienced in England. From such fragments of Italian work as had then been executed here, Henry VII.'s tomb at Westminster, the work at Hampton Court, etc., etc., and from the drawings and sketches he had seen of both Italian and ancient Roman buildings, he must have conceived an image of something much more complete and much more

certain in outline than anything of Elizabethan or Jacobean work which he knew. What, then, must have been his surprise and consternation when he at last visited the land of his dreams and found himself in the full tideway of the Baroque? So different from anything he could have imagined! Without any comprehension of its causes or its ultimate significance he must have turned with loathing from its seeming incoherence and confusion to the works of that dead Palladio, which by contrast would appear to be so much more in the antique manner. But his mind was cast in much too original a mould to allow himself to become a slave of any Master of however great an authority, and at the best Palladio was only a second-rate artist, greatly inferior to the men of the Renaissance proper, such as Sanmicheli and Peruzzi. Of the two men Palladio and Inigo Jones, the latter was incomparably the greater architect.

There is a certain breadth of design in Palladio's work and a certain spaciousness in his plans, but at the best it was formal and correct, and at its worst it was, as Mr Augustine Birrell would say, "deader than mutton and not half so nourishing." All over Venezia are "Palladian" churches with unfinished brick façades still waiting to be clothed in their correct costumes of dull-mannered stone—which in the unfinished roughness of their irregular brickwork have a charm and fascination that the more finished buildings entirely lack. The interiors, which for the most part had

been completed before the funds gave out, are by contrast singularly cold and lifeless. Although Palladio may have been Jones' guide to the antique and to the Renaissance proper, I feel instinctively that it was to such men as Sanmicheli and Sansovino rather than Andrea Palladio to whom Jones owed his real inspiration. In only one building of his—that of the Queen's house at Greenwich—is there any trace of the "dead hand of Palladio," and here only on the façades, though they are sufficiently remarkable work in their way, and the large hall is a stroke of genius. It must be remembered that this was one of his earliest designs, though it took many years to execute. When I speak of the Palladian influence I do not mean the incidents of detail, such as the taking of the columns through two storeys, etc., but rather the dead formality of the spirit of Palladio. Probably Jones owed something of his love of simplicity and the spaciousness of his interiors to the Italian architect, and this was to the good—and in all probability, too, Inigo Jones, who was very proud of his profession as an architect, owed something of his conception of professional dignity to the same source.

. . . . . "But I am truly
Architectonicus Professor, rather
That is (as one would say) an architect."

BEN JONSON.

The Palladian or late Italian idea of an architect of the Renaissance was that of the hierarchic or priestly conception

rather than that of the inspired workman. To them the architect was essentially a professional man who was initiated into the rules and regulations of his craft, and was bowed down by an immense weight of learning. Probably Jones' native common sense kept him from falling into the full absurdity of such a position; but one feels that his strong rationalistic and intellectual bias would incline him to the professional view of his calling. In this country, at any rate, it is difficult to be intellectual without being professional, and this is probably why one feels that there is something of the "Schoolmaster" about Inigo Jones. Wren was to supply the corrective later with his greater breadth and universality; but if, in the larger sense of the word, Wren may be said to be an "Amateur," then Jones may, perhaps, appositely be termed a "Professor." It is only to-day that we are beginning to conceive of an architect who is neither a "Professor" nor an "Amateur," but one who shall have the knowledge of the one and the inspiration of the other, and who, for want of a better word, may be described as an "Artist-craftsman." Now I feel that largely because of this Palladian-professional tradition which surrounds Inigo Jones we are unable to appreciate his works in all their fascination as we might if we could feel that Jones was not so terribly important a person; his personality is apt to intrude itself between us and the full enjoyment of his labours. If we could only view his works without

knowing who was their author! I am sure they would come as a shock and a revelation if we could only feel Jones' essential genius without being worried by the apprehension that he was such an accomplished and learned an architect.

Little is known of his early life. He was the son of a clothworker of supposedly Welsh descent, and this strain of Celt may account for his imaginative and artistic qualities. Tradition has it that he was originally apprenticed to a joiner, and at an early age he seems to have shown a marked facility for painting and draughtsmanship. Towards the end of the sixteenth century he made his first visit to Italy, at the expense, it is said, of the Earl of Pembroke, and probably with a view to studying painting. This visit seems to have lasted some four or five years, the greater part of which was passed at Venice. If we only had some reliable record of these years it would explain much in his history and the subsequent development of English architecture.

Of all the Italian states, Venice would at this time have most attraction for an Englishman. The links between our country and the Queen of the Adriatic were many. A great naval power with a constitution similar to our own, with a peaceful and art-loving community, it must have held great attractions for the English architect. The choice of Venice as a place of residence probably explains why Inigo Jones was so little influenced by the Baroque of Fontana and Carlo Maderna, the leading Roman architects of this time.

It must be remembered that the Venetian architecture was always half a century behind the rest of the mainland in its development. And, although there is plenty of the Baroque in Venice, it is of very different quality to the Roman Baroque, and is mostly of a later date than that of Jones' visits. It is more gentle in its emphasis, and has not that sinister expression—that feeling of the "terribilitá" so characteristic of the Roman variety—which was a still uncensored architecture by which a dying nation protested against its enslavement. The Santa Maria della Salute, the Palazzi Rezzonico and Pesaro, and the Church of Santa Moise, were all built subsequent to the time when Inigo Jones was an admiring visitor. The Venice that he knew was the Venice of Sansovino, Sanmicheli and Palladio. Our traveller then must have found himself in a society very critical and strongly resistent to Baroque influence as known at Rome and Genoa — that Baroque which in its transmuted and domesticated form was to influence so greatly the architects of Louis XIV. in France and our own Sir Christopher Wren in this country.

Taking the historical view, it would appear that it was the Baroque that was the really vital architecture of the period, and the work of Palladio the formalistic reaction. Not that Jones altogether escaped the all-dominating influence of the Baroque architecture. If we ignore the inner courtyard of St John's College and the porch of St Mary-the-

Virgin at Oxford—which tradition ascribes to Inigo Jones, and which later critics reject as unauthentic, referring to the quality of the work in support of their view—we still have the entrance door at Raynham Hall and the York Water-Gate, as well as certain chimney-pieces and interior work, as witness of the slight extent to which he was influenced by the Baroque.

On his second visit to Italy (1612–14) we know that he made a special pilgrimage to Vicenza to study the works of his beloved master, whose book he carried everywhere with him as his architectural bible. And here, in place of the rather dull churches of the Il Redentore and the Santa Maria Maggiore—Palladio's works in Venice—he was able to study such masterpieces as the façade to the Basilica, the Palazzo del Consiglio, that fragment known as the Casa del Diavolo, and the Palazzo Valmarano. It may have been these buildings—the Valmarano and the Consiglio—which gave Jones the hint for his masterpiece in Whitehall and the King Charles block at Greenwich, though I feel that both these buildings owe something to the work of Sanmicheli. Possibly the author was quite unconscious of this influence. It is impossible to believe that so impressionable an artist did not know and admire Sanmicheli's Palazzo Grimani at Venice, even if he had never visited Verona and seen that architect's work there, which is extremely unlikely.

To realise the full meaning of the Master's genius, it is

necessary to form a picture of what English architecture was in his day. The simple and homely Tudor work of Henry VIII.'s time had given place to those extravagant and bizarre buildings of Elizabeth. Woollaton, Longleat, Audley End and Hatfield — those picturesque but ill-considered piles of the new aristocracy of law and commerce, with their adventitious trimmings of Germanic ornament —had in their turn been superseded by the more sober though still indeterminate Jacobean buildings. The period immediately preceding that of our architect's was in many respects comparable to our own. It was a period of transition and adventure. The work was broader and more simple than that of the Elizabethan builders, but it is chiefly interesting on account of its promise rather than that of any ultimate expression. It suggests a groping and searching for finality; but the period of light was yet to come, and it remained for Inigo Jones to interpret and sum up the aspirations of his countrymen. The sudden revelation of his genius must have had a remarkable effect upon his contemporaries. It would be as if some inspired builder of to-day should gather into his competent hands all the conflicting warps and woofs of present architectural fashions and tendencies and weave them into a simple but expressive design. For this English architect's buildings were not merely Italian transcripts, but were as English as the stone of which they were built.

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Sir Reginald Blomfield informs us in his standard work on the English Renaissance that Jones' first known architectural design was dated 1616, when the artist was in his forty-third year; later he produced that unrivalled masterpiece, that fragment of his greater dream — the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall. Even to-day (St George's Hall and the Greek Revivalists notwithstanding) this is the most accomplished piece of classic building in this country. It stands there in the heart of our Empire as a continual inspiration and admonition to the builders of less inspired times—at the best we can only hope to come within measurable range of its effortless perfection—a hope which some grim foreboding warns us we never shall realise.

If the course of the Civil War had been otherwise, and the Monarchy had been victorious in place of the Commons, the resultant trend of English architecture might have been very different. In a very illuminating paper by that brilliant young historian Mr Christopher Dawson, which appeared recently in the *Town Planning Review*, he states :—

"In the Middle Ages the ruling classes lived isolated in their own fiefs, given up to hunting and war, and despising the inhabitants of the cities as an inferior caste of tradesmen and artisans. And whilst in France and the countries under French influence the Renaissance monarchy gradually changed all this, and converted the nobility into a new class of courtier-townsman, in England

the Renaissance monarchy was defeated, and the landed aristocracy gained control of the whole political order. The country squires, the lineal descendants of the mediæval landowners, still lived on their own estates, with a true feudal contempt of the city, and a more than mediæval passion for the chase. As Justices of the Peace they were the true rulers of the country: and, as members of Parliament, they absorbed the power formerly possessed by the Court on the one hand and the yeomanry and the corporate towns on the other. The whole evolution of English society from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century was the inverse of that of the Continent: it moved from urban monarchy to rural aristocracy."

This comparison between French and English history is extraordinarily interesting.

Inigo Jones' architecture is essentially civic in its character. Lindsey House in Lincoln's Inn Fields is a town house with all that this implies, and even his country houses, such as Coleshill and Lees Court, Faversham, bear on them the impress of an urban civilisation. We of this generation, with the awful effects of our industrial cities and mining villages ever before us, are apt to turn with loathing from all towns and all town architecture. We can only think in terms of manor houses and village churches, and interpret city life through the medium of rustic cottages. But had the course of Inigo Jones and his Royal Master triumphed, we

might have had a civic architecture as proud as that of France, with cities that are a delight to live in, instead of the glorified market towns of a successful agricultural "squirarchy," rapidly degenerating throughout the nineteenth century into squalid industrial mining camps.

It is amusing to reflect how many generations of English architects have given lip service to Inigo Jones, and how few have learnt his lesson of urban polity. Inigo Jones is our great architectural preceptor, but Sir Christopher Wren is our great national architect, more vital, more domestic, and more countrified. In any study of Jones a comparison with Wren is almost inevitable; they represent the two sides of the classic medal, and any English building of the conscious and considered kind must have some reference, however indirect, to the works of one or other of these great prototypes. As in all Jones' buildings there is the civic or urban note, so in all Wren's, even in his most ambitious projects, we find the domestic or rural touch. Running through all his palaces—at Hampton Court, Greenwich, Chelsea, and Kensington, as well as in his work at Oxford or Cambridge—is this note of domesticity. Even St Paul's, in spite of its grandeur, has an intimate and homely air; it is still the parish church of London, as Westminster Abbey is the church of the Empire. If Jones had felt, though ever so slightly, the chill effect of the late Italian formalists, Wren was warmed by the fires of the Baroque.

The spirit of the Baroque, sweeping like a flame over Italy, softened and chastened by the cool detachment of Venice, domesticated in the palaces of the French kings, visited these shores, and was received and given a decent lodging by Sir Christopher and his colleague, Grindling Gibbons.

What we admire in the earlier architect is, as I have said, his freshness of creation and sense of completeness, his knowledge and understanding of his material, the meticulous care and finish of his detail. Whilst in his successor we are caught up by the magnificent sweep of his purview, the greatness of his vision, and the majesty of his conception, he is as emotional as his predecessor is intellectual; and yet both had sufficient of the other's qualities to rank them equal in any attempt to form an estimate of their greatness. For this reason Greenwich is to me one of the most fascinating of buildings, for here we see the work of these two giants side by side. Those uncompromising blocks on the river front, which owed their inception to the earlier architect, are amongst the finest examples of monumental building in this or any other country.

If any of Jones' designs derived anything from Sanmicheli, it is surely the façades to the King Charles block, with their strongly marked rustications and their almost fortress-like solidity. Wren showed his greatness in nothing more than his appreciation of Jones' works by repeating

the King Charles block on the other side of the great quadrangle space, and then using these two blocks as a base on which to build up his splendid scheme—the whole summed up in the Queen's House. Could there be a more magnificent tribute from one architect of genius to another!

There is one quality which is expressed in Jones' buildings which I have not mentioned, or have only just touched upon, and that is his courage. In particular I think of his designs for St Paul's, Covent Garden—rebuilt by Philip Hardwick on the lines of the original design after it was destroyed by fire—and of Lees Court, Faversham. The church at Covent Garden is composed of the simplest elements treated in the simplest manner; it owes nothing to what it is the fashion to describe as meretricious ornament. But who but Inigo Jones could have fashioned that boldly projecting colonnade with its even bolder cornice! This church was to have been the centre of a piazza, but this, like his scheme for Whitehall and Lincoln's Inn Fields (the lay-out of which he designed), never reached completion. Except for the Gothic Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, this is the only church which has remained to us of his creation. About 1620 he made a survey of old St Paul's, and afterwards built a portico, which we know by prints, and of which he was very proud.

The same note of boldness and simplicity is displayed in Lees Court, Faversham, another building which was rebuilt,

after a fire, on the original lines. As first built this was a brick house, but previous to its destruction it had been plastered over, and though it is a dangerous suggestion to make in face of the scant respect we show to the work of the old masters nowadays, it is doubtful if this plastering has seriously detracted from the fine lines of the design—how fine may be judged from its successful emergence from so drastic a treatment.

Whenever I think of Lees Court my mind at once flashes to the other side of the Atlantic, where our American cousins have, during the last decade or so, made essays in the Italian style of domestic architecture; and Lees Court more than holds its own by such a comparison. Though there is a breadth of design and a genial human note about the best of these American houses, and a straightforwardness of expression which is wonderfully refreshing to our English eyes, tired with the fussiness and small scale of so much of our modern work, yet I cannot think of one of those American mansions which, though they challenge, can claim equality with Inigo Jones' Kentish house. The Faversham mansion has still the nobler, the more royal air, and is as distinctly aristocratic in its bearing as are those proud competitors across the water republican and democratic in theirs.

To describe the garden front of Lees Court in mere words is to suggest the barrenness of extreme formality. A low-pitched slate roof with wide overhanging eaves, a row of

pilasters forming thirteen repeating bays of exactly similar detail, with the one exception of the central door, with its ornate head forming a rich broach, the one touch of free ornament in his so severe a façade! Severe, but still very human in spite of its note of princely pride—very different in spirit from the freezing formality of Colin Campbell and his compeers! These were the true Palladianists, cold, formal, barren of ideas, exponents of that more frigid Italianism which so well expressed the Italy of the Spanish domination, to which the Baroque was the natural answer and the revolt.

Lees Court had little influence on the immediate domestic architecture of this country, it has possibly been left for the men of this generation to appreciate it properly—but the effect of Coleshill, another stately mansion by the same architect, was very different.

Squarer and more compact in outline, with the steep roof of the Tudor and Elizabethan farm-house, Coleshill became the prototype of the so-called Wren houses, and is in a sense the father of all Georgian domestic work down to the end of the eighteenth century. Designed in the closing years of Jones' life, it is more truly English than any other of his creations. Very different from the more genial and coarser work of Wren, it yet bears a close affinity with the domestic work of the later architect. If an analogy from the Scriptures is allowed it might be said that "Inigo Jones planted, whilst Sir Christopher Wren watered."

With the spirit of Jones' interiors I must confess I am not so much in sympathy as with his exteriors. Whilst fully alive to and appreciative of that beauty and spaciousness at the Queen's House, Greenwich, of the noble dignity of the interior of the Banqueting Hall, and of the splendour of the double-cube room at Wilton, I still feel that a good deal of his ornament is heavy-handed and lacking in inspiration. At Coleshill and Ashburnham, probably both carried out by Webb—Jones' assistant and son-in-law—after designs by his master, possibly some of the defects are due to the less skilful handling and malinterpretation of the younger man. But when all allowances have been made, and the due tribute of praise paid, it cannot be contended that the interior decorations of the English architect can compare, either in the graceful spirit of conception or in the delicacy of detail of the works of either Brunelleschi, to cite again the earliest of the Italian architects, or of Peruzzi, the architect of the Italian prime. But if Jones were not so successful with his interior design as his exterior, the same might be said of almost any one of his successors, the great Wren included, down to the time of Robert Adam and the later men, of whom the inverse criticism might be made.

It would appear as if the architects of the early English Renaissance had lavished all their wealth of invention and fertility of design on the outside of their buildings, leaving the interiors to take care of themselves, or with just sufficient

attention to redeem their designers of charges of neglect without altogether absolving them from the scarcely less serious charge of carelessness.

There is in many of Inigo Jones' designs for chimney-pieces, doorways and ceilings a hint of that theatricality which one would naturally associate with the designer of so many masques. We have plenty of evidence of Jones' love and labour for the theatre, which persisted from the time following his first visit to Italy when he was engaged at Oxford in connection with various masques, until the time when the Commonwealth with true puritanical outlook put a stop to all such frivolities. Space forbids any detailed survey of his stage activities, but it may be said in passing that he revolutionised the art of the theatre in this country no less successfully than he revolutionised the architecture. He it was who invented the great picture frame proscenium opening, which has, with the drop scene and movable stage ornaments, persisted from his day to ours. There are very many drawings still existing which bear witness to his theatrical interest and are evidence of his skill in this direction. It was probably his work on these masques, in so many of which he collaborated with Ben Jonson, until their final quarrel made them inveterate enemies, which first introduced him to the Court.

In 1610 he was appointed Surveyor to Henry, Prince of Wales, and it was on the death of this Prince in 1612

that he made his second visit to Italy. He returned to England in the autumn of 1614, when he became Surveyor of the Works to James I., and continued in the Royal service until James' ill-fated son stepped out of the central window in that building in Whitehall which was the masterpiece of his talented servant. It is doubtful whether Jones profited very much from this appointment. Mr Beresford Chancellor, in his *Life of Inigo Jones*, says that his salary was irregularly paid, and quotes Webb — the architect's son-in-law—as his authority for stating that at first, with the true artist's magnanimous disdain of fees, he worked without profit: "The office of His Majesty's Works of which he was supreme head, having through extraordinary occasions, in the time of his predecessors, contracted a great debt amounting to several thousands of pounds, he was sent for to the lords of the Privy Council, to give them his opinion what course might be taken to ease his Majesty of it, the Exchequer being empty and the workmen clamorous. When he, of his own accord, voluntarily offered not to receive a penny of his own entertainment, in what kind so ever due, until the debt was fully discharged. And this was not only performed by him himself, but upon his persuasion the Comptroller and Paymaster did the like, also, whereby the whole arrears were discharged." All of which suggests that Jones must have had private means of his own, possibly left him by his father, whose heir and inheritor he was jointly with his three

sisters. His father was at one time in financial difficulties, and was declared bankrupt, but he may have rehabilitated his fortunes before his death.

A persistent shortness of cash was characteristic of the Stuarts, and was one of the main causes of Charles I.'s embroilment with his subjects, as well as a great factor in the curtailment of Jones' building projects. We may be sure that in the cultured Charles he had a most sympathetic client, and one, if it had not been for his financial and political troubles, who would have furthered the causes of his architect to the uttermost. But for these factors we might have had a Royal Palace in Westminster which would have rivalled the Louvre and the Escurial.

Jones did not long survive his unhappy master. As a Roman Catholic and malcontent he evoked the hostility of the Parliamentarians, who fined him some £500 as a mark of their extreme displeasure. He died on July 21, 1651, in his seventy-eighth year, and was buried in St Benet's Church, which by the irony of fate was burned down in that great fire which was to give his successor and rival in fame his magnificent opportunity.

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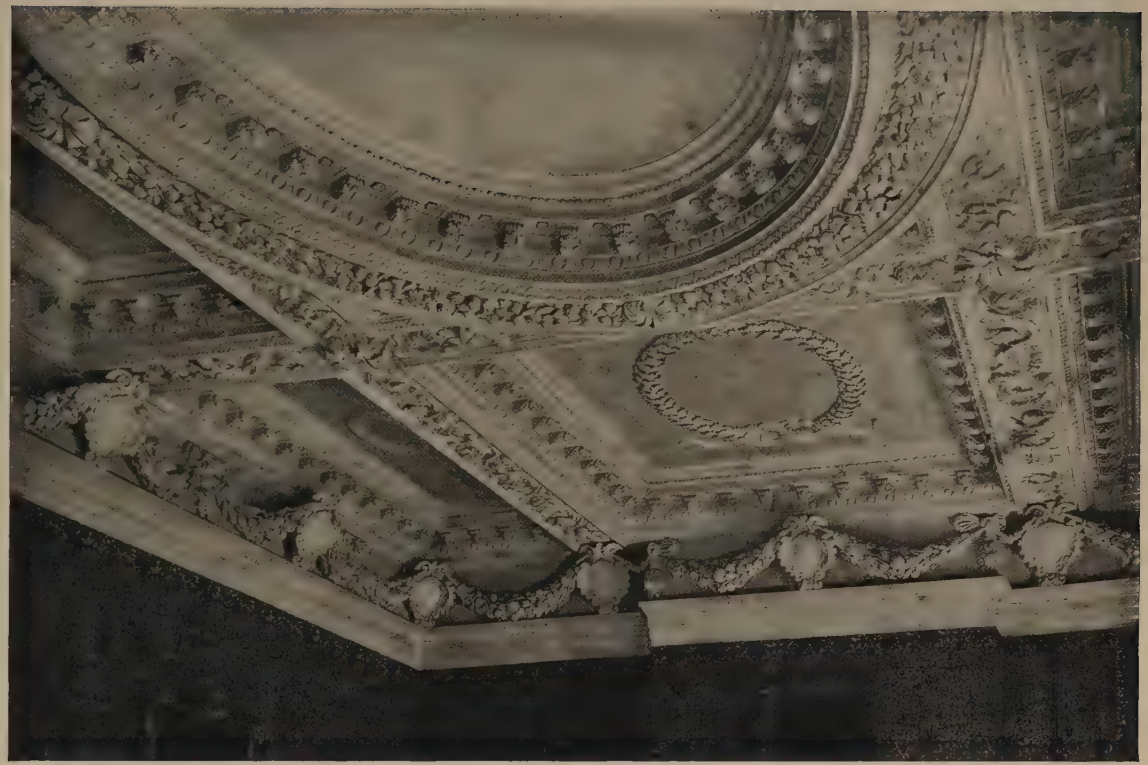

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PLATE 15. LINDSEY HOUSE. LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

PLATE 16. LINDSEY HOUSE. LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. DETAIL.

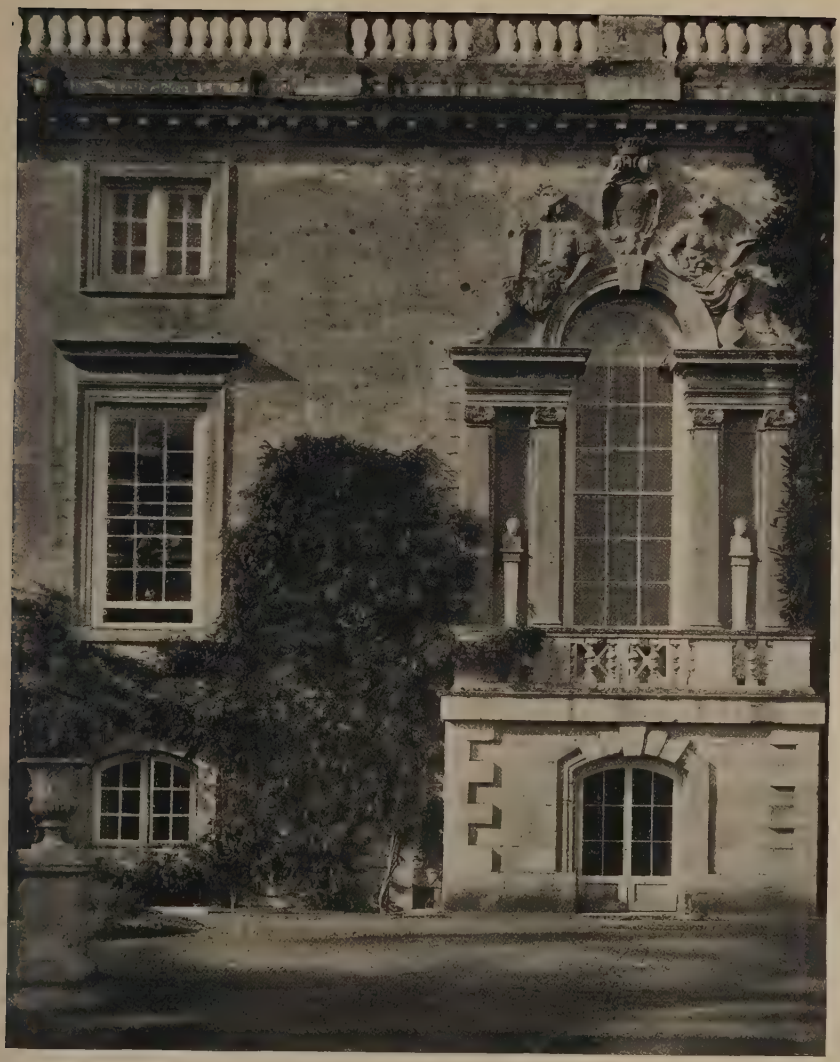

PLATE 17. WILTON. DETAIL OF CENTRAL BAY. GARDEN FRONT.

PLATE 18. WILTON. GARDEN FRONT.

PLATE 19. WILTON. LIBRARY.

PLATE 20. WILTON. DOUBLE CUBE ROOM.

PLATE 21. WILTON. DOOR IN SINGLE CUBE ROOM.

PLATE 22. WILTON. DETAIL OF FIREPLACE IN DOUBLE CUBE ROOM.

PLATE 23. WILTON. DETAIL OF DOOR IN DOUBLE CUBE ROOM.

PLATE 24. ST PAUL'S. COVENT GARDEN.

PLATE 25. ST PAUL'S. COVENT GARDEN. DETAIL OF PORTICO.

PLATE 26. ST PAUL'S. COVENT GARDEN. REAR ELEVATION.

PLATE 27. THE QUEEN'S HOUSE. GREENWICH. ENTRANCE HALL.

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PLATE 28. THE QUEEN'S HOUSE. GREENWICH.

PLATE 29. RAYNHAM HALL. NORFOLK.

PLATE 30. LEES COURT. FAVERSHAM.

PLATE 31. LEES COURT. FAVERSHAM. DETAIL OF FAÇADE.

PLATE 32. LEES COURT. FAVERSHAM. DETAIL OF CENTRAL DOOR.

PLATE 33. ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD. (*Attributed to Inigo Jones.*)

PLATE 34. PORCH OF ST MARY-THE-VIRGIN. OXFORD. (*Attributed to Inigo Jones.*)

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